But to my minde, though I am native here
And to the manner borne, it is a cuſtome
More honour'd in the breach than the obſervance:
This heavie-headed revell East and West
Makes us traduc'd and taxed of other Nations;
They clepe us Drunkards, and with ſwiniſh phraſe
Soile our addition; and indeed it takes
From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute:
So oft it chances in particular men,
That for ſome vicious mole of nature in them,
As in their birth, wherein they are not guilty,
(Since nature cannot chooſe his origen)
By their ore-growth of ſome complexion,
Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reaſon;
Or by ſome habit that too much ore-leavens
The forme of plauſive manners, that theſe men
Carrying I ſay the ſtampe of one defect,
Being Natures livery, or Fortunes ſtarre,
His vertues elſe be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergoe,
Shall in the generall cenſure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of eaſe
Doth all the noble ſubſtance of a doubt
To his owne ſcandall. *Enter Ghoſt.*

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and Miniſters of grace defend us!
Be thou a ſpirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee aires from heaven, or blaſts from hel,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape
That I will ſpeake to thee; Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, royall *Dane*: O anſwere me,
Let me not burſt in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearſed in death
Have burſt their cerements: why the Sepulcher,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly interr'd,
Hath op't his ponderous and marble jawes,

To caſt thee up againe: w
That thou dead coarſe aga
Reviſites thus the glimpſe
Making night hideous, an
So horridly to ſhake our
With thoughts beyond
Say why is this? wherefo
Hora. It beckens you
As if it ſome impartment
To you alone.
Mar. Looke with wha
It waves you to a more re
But doe not goe with it.
Hora. No, by no mean
Ham. It will not ſpeak
Hora. Doe not my Lo
Ham. Why? what ſho
I doe not ſet my life at
And for my ſoule, what
Being a thing immortal
It waves me forth again
Hora. What if it tem
Or to the dreadfull ſom
That bettels ore his ba
And there aſſume ſome
Which might deprive
And draw you into ma
The very place puts to
Without more motive,
That lookes ſo many fa
And heares it roare be
Ham. It waves me ſt
Goe on, Ile follow thee
Mar. You ſhall no
Ham. Hold off your
Hora. Be rul'd, you
Ham. My fate cryes
And makes each petty

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Hamlet* (STC 22279) LONDON, 1637 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY